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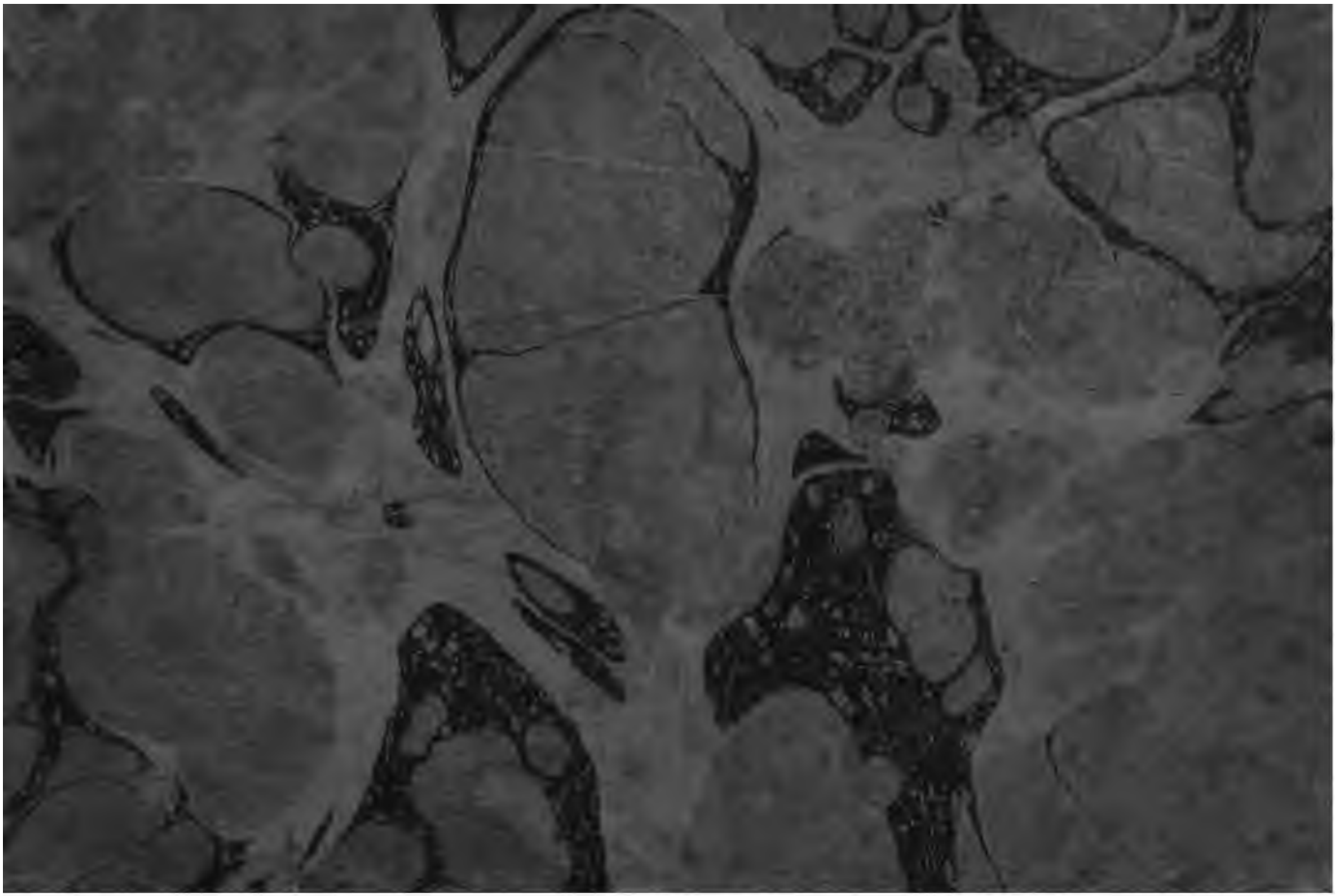

Presented to

M. John S. Walsh.

with the sincere Regard of

The Author

May 15th 1812.

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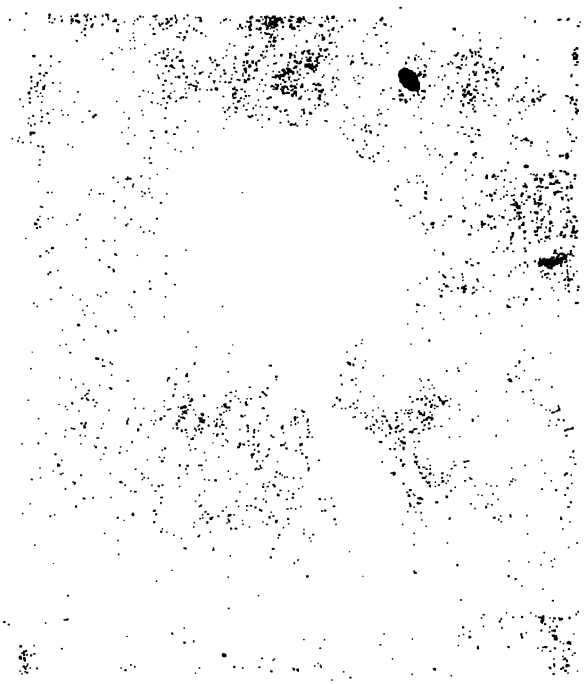

Engraved for the Washington Benevolent Society.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTH DAY:

AN

HISTORICAL POEM,

WITH

NOTES AND APPENDIX.

" Exegit Monumentum ære perennius,
" Regalique situ Pyramidum altius;
" Quod non imber edax, non Aquilo impotens
" Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
" Annorum series, et fuga temporum."

HORACE.

A Monument ne's rear'd, more durable
Than brass—more lofty than the tow'ring height
Of Pyramids; which neither raging winds,
Nor beating storms, nor the long lapse of years,
Nor tide of time, can ever wear away.

BY A WASHINGTONIAN.

ALBANY:

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1812.

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TO

ABRAHAM VAN VECHTEN, Esquire,	President of the Washington Benevolent Society	of the City and County of Albany.
ISAAC SEBRING, Esquire,		of the City and County of New-York.
REUBEN FOLGER, Esquire,		of the County of Columbia.
DERICK LANE, Esquire,		of the County of Rensselaer.
SAMUEL STEWART, Esquire, and		of the County of Saratoga.
ZEBULON R. SHIPHERD, Esquire,		of the County of Washington.

GENTLEMEN,

FROM a full conviction that the BIRTH DAY of GENERAL WASHINGTON ought to be celebrated in a manner becoming an enlightened and grateful nation; and believing that every thing calculated to bring into view that great assemblage of virtues which he possessed, and displayed in his country's service, will be useful upon such occasions, I have made a humble attempt at a brief sketch of his character in the following little Poem. I do not believe that the *true* character of WASHINGTON will ever be *fully* drawn by any man; and if in the little sketch here attempted, I have been fortunate enough to retain so much of the great Original as that it may be recognized, even by his friends, I shall be sufficiently gratified.

As the Societies over which you have the honor to preside have, in this state, taken the lead in discharging the great duty of respect which we *All* owe to the memory of our illustrious

HERO and SAGE, by celebrating his BIRTH DAY,—inculcating and cherishing the principles which governed his whole life, I have presumed to address my little Poem to you. Should even the junior members of your Societies, and others of the rising generation, by glancing over these few pages be led, even to a partial imitation of the virtues of the greatest and best of men, I shall consider the harvest of my labour rich indeed.

With the greatest Respect
for
each of you, personally,
and for
the Character of the Societies
over which you preside,
I am,
Gentlemen,
Your Obedient Servant,
THE AUTHOR.

Albany, 22nd February, 1812.

PREFACE.

CANDID READER,

NEED I tell you that whenever a writer attempts a subject far above his powers, the next you hear of him is an apology for his folly? So is the fact; and, nine times out of ten, such *apology* is about the whole substance of the *Preface.* But as this fashion is general, I shall, (to avoid singularity and give *my excuse,*) say, that when I first began this little Poem I had no other object in view than to furnish a favorite School Boy with an appropriate declamation for WASHINGTON'S BIRTH DAY, (which I think you and every true American ought to celebrate.) Soon, however, I found the subject was extended far beyond the limits proposed; and what was still worse, I had given it no shape as a *whole:* But finding it both interesting and inexhaustible, I pursued it, a few evenings, merely to gratify my own fancy; and having got it to look a *little* more like a *whole,* I stopped—

Now these are the true Reasons why I *began—continued,* and *ended* my little Poem—

But, perhaps, you may ask why I *published* it? For as many Reasons as I wrote it:—Two—I. To put it out of the way, and thereby bar my inclination for pursuing any further, an unprofitable job. II. And *chiefly,* for the reasons assigned on the preceding dedicatory page:—that is, to exhibit the character and virtues of the beloved WASHINGTON to the rising generation in such manner as may induce them to celebrate his BIRTH DAY in a rational and becoming manner; and to excite in them a laudable ambition so to serve their Country while living, as to be remembered with gratitude when dead.—

That nation which will reward her benefactors, even with the cheap meed of *Gratitude,* will never in the days of her calamity, call in vain upon her sons for aid, however perilous may be her commands—But to that nation which will not, in some shape, reward the *Virtue* of her sons, destruction is nigh,

even at the door. Nothing, therefore, which is in the least calculated to inspire a people with love, and gratitude to their great Benefactors, is idly thrown upon society.

Last of all you may ask me why is the *Copy Right* secured? For as many reasons as it was published:—two.—Every Poet is a parent of..... *Rhymes*: and however rickety, deformed, and crooked they may be, still, as parent, he owes them I. PROTECTION—II. SUPPORT. He must be a monster, indeed, who could stand tamely by and see his offspring cropped, mangled, maimed, and mutilated: and the affection of a kind parent is often increased *even by the weakness and deformity* of his offspring: at any rate it is his duty to *Support* them; and if *he* has not the means to do that, the least he can do is to throw them *legally* on the town.

Now, kind Reader, please to proceed to the Poem;—pass lightly over the Introductory part, as there is rather too much of it, and the subject less interesting: but as you proceed, keep your eye fixed on WASHINGTON, and when you shall have got thro', go, (without troubling either yourself or me much with severe criticism) and to the utmost of your ability endeavour, in all the walks of life, to imitate, and teach your children, if you have any, to imitate the greatest and best man who ever lived.

As to the Odes, on the last pages, as *you* have not *asked*, *I* need not *answer* why I published them—You can pass them over, without reading, and only *criticise* upon them; as the fashion of the day is; or you may *read*, or *sing* them: in what tune you please, provided it be the right metre. One thing, however, I must intreat of you; that is, not to put my Odes to that dreadful torture too often inflicted on Poetry even by the greatest advocates for humanity:—I mean the torture of *Reading* and *Singing* together: half and half.

AUTHOR.

Albany, 22d February, 1812.

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WASHINGTON's BIRTH DAY:

"TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art;
"To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
"To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
"Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold;
"For *this*" the Muse, first strung the sounding lyre—
'Tis VIRTUE's cause which wakes the Poet's fire.

In every clime, in each succeeding age,
Some conqu'ring hero, or some sainted sage,
Bold in his country's, or in freedom's cause,
Who marshals hosts, or gives a senate laws,
Demands just homage to his glorious name—
His country's gratitude—eternal fame.
Each grateful nation glows with gen'rous fire,
And bids her Bards strike loud the tuneful lyre,
For millions form the tributary verse;
Bids grateful millions, in glad song, rehearse
The matchless virtues of some chief, or sage,
The pride, the glory, idol of the age.
Heroes are great; but Poets greater far—
The hero *draws;* the Poet *paints* the war.
Heroes, like meteors, shoot, and blaze—are gone—
Poets must tell the good, or ill they've done—

Heroes, with swords, in bark, but *carve* their name:—
Poets *transcribe* them on the roll of fame.
Achilles lives in HOMER's glowing lines—
In VIRGIL's verse the "pious *Æneas*" shines.
O, had kind heav'n, indulgent to mankind,
The fire ethereal of those Bards combin'd
With MILTON's genius, and that scope of verse
Which rang'd heav'n, earth, and hell,—the universe,
For some bold modern Bard; *his* soul of fire,
With matchless skill, might strike the heav'n ton'd lyre,
And launch, in Epic Ark, adown time's tide,
COLUMBIA'S HERO—human nature's pride;—
In the brisk breeze of the wide world's applause
Shoot time's dark gulph, against stern nature's laws,
With Stars and Eagle launch the shoreless sea,
And sail his Epic through eternity.
  But, ah, Columbia; tho' her sons are great;
Mighty in arms—profound in arts of state;
Yet, here, no HOMER paints the camps of Mars—
No VIRGIL sings the arts of peace, or wars.
DWIGHT, TRUMBULL, BARLOW:—all Apollo's train
May strike their lyres; but, ah, they strike in vain.
Who, in *just* verse, can paint Columbia's name?
Who dare attempt great WASHINGTON's bright fame?
  From heav'n's own altar was his bosom fir'd;
By flame, like holy, should *he* be inspir'd
Who 'tempts the task;—while countless millions cry,
"Earth has not left another such to die."

Since, then, no Bard, in *corresponding* verse,
Can *all* the virtues of our CHIEF rehearse;
Shall we, Columbians, deaf to duty's call,
No tribute pay, barr'd of the means of *all?*
Shall man, because deni'd Newtonian eyes,
With "brute, unconscious gaze" survey the skies;
Deny the hand which winds the vast machine
Because not present at the opening scene;
When heav'n's immeasurable arch was sprung,
And all the morning stars together sung?
Shall we be silent in our HERO's praise
'Till we can chant it in MILTONIAN lays?
No—man is man. Thus speaks heav'n's high behest;
"*Do what thou canst*—thy *will* supplies the rest."—
Arm'd with this shield, the *humblest* bard essays
The mighty task, to sing our HERO's praise:
Candor will pardon want of force, or skill:
When *talents* droop, we'll soar on wings of *will.*
Vast is our theme—"O, THOU our soul inspire,
"Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire:"
Thy fiat bade Columbia's empire rise;
Queen of the world, high fav'rite of the skies:
At thy behest her mighty HERO rose,
Mark'd her high destinies, and crush'd her foes.
Accept the tribute which her millions pay
Thro' all her temples, on this joyous day:—
Teach *us* to trace the HERO's, SAGE's course—
Teach *all* to imitate, and learn the lesson's force.

But where begin the never ending theme ?
How sound the source,—or trace the endless stream ?
He, who could tally autumn's falling leaves,
And count the sands roll'd from the swelling seas,
Might all the deeds of our great CHIEF rehearse,
His virtues tell in *corresponding* verse.
But, ah, the task appals the throbbing heart:—
The feeble bard can bear but humble part—
But *strike* the note, and *pitch* the joyous lay—
Millions must swell the song on WASHINGTON'S BIRTH-DAY.
Join all, in chorus to the poet's lays,—
All chant, in harmony the HERO'S praise:—
All hail, the NATAL DAY, the glorious morn,
When WASHINGTON, the great, the good was born!
When all Columbia's sons her temples throng
To sound her matchless CHIEF'S high praise, in song.
Fly, herald sun, around the gladden'd earth,
Proclaim the day which gave the HERO birth:
From realm to realm the joyous tidings roll,
And sound the jubilee from pole to pole.
Let star-deck'd standards waving wide unfurl'd,
Wake freedom's hopes, and cheer the drooping world:
Let the loud cannon's all enliv'ning roar
Re-echo, joyous, round each distant shore;
The wide responsive welkin loudly ring,
While Freedom's grateful, gladden'd millions sing,
All hail the NATAL DAY, the glorious morn;
When WASHINGTON the great, the good was born.

Fantastic poets, who the task engage
To paint a hero, patriot, or sage,
Press into fancy's service all that's great;—
To form an idol, rob both church and state:
Nor this alone;—but, in their idol's cause,
Trifle with nature's God, and nature's laws—
Dreams, meteors, comets, earthquakes must proclaim
Their idol's birth, and pre-announce his fame.
'Tis folly's task to make the rabble gaze;
And knaves, alone, would lead the world by blaze.
True hist'ry is philosophy, design'd,
By great example, to instruct mankind.
In the great portrait we *attempt* to draw
Fiction is useless—truth's our guide—our law.
The mass of truth o'erwhelms the painter's eye—
Why truth dethrone, to crown a useless lie?
No comet—earthquake, or eclipse of sun
Augur'd the future fame of WASHINGTON.
"*Order* is heav'n's first law;" *its* influence mild
Presided o'er his birth, and form'd the child.
Promptness to duty, and the love of truth
Endear'd the child, and soon adorn'd the youth.
Filial affection, and his pious heart
Proclaim'd him born to act a noble part.
Children;—great WASHINGTON has liv'd for you—
Mark well his early steps—his course pursue.
Destin'd to reach the highest fame on earth,
Our HERO's march was rapid from his birth.

His toys, and horn-book speedily resign'd,
Next mathematicks form'd his vig'rous mind:
On nature's principles that mind reli'd;—
His chain, and compass were his manly pride.
Soon the *Surveyor* to the HERO rose;—
The "*Buckskin*"* terror of his tawny foes.
When the dark, deep Mononghahela's flood
Was ting'd with *British Braddock's* useless blood,
Then glory dawn'd, and there commenc'd that fame
Which unborn millions shall, with pride, proclaim:
Then pious *Davies*,† as inspir'd by heaven,
Proclaim'd a saviour to our country given.
Columbia's youth, who pant for camps of Mars;
Ye, embrio heroes, for our future wars;
Th' immortal WASHINGTON has liv'd for you—
Mark well his principles—his course pursue.
His arms, and early laurels laid aside;
Next we behold Columbia's rising pride
Th' industrious *Planter*, on Potomac's shore:—
His flocks now please, whom squadrons charm'd before.

---

* "*Buckskin.*"—An epithet applied, somewhat contemptuously, by BRADDOCK to WASHINGTON, when the latter remonstrated against the plan for attacking the Indians at Mononghahela.

† The escape of WASHINGTON at BRADDOCK's defeat, was almost miraculous. That he was the only officer, on horseback, who escaped death or wounds, is a *Fact*: and the author has somewhere seen an account to which he gave credit, that after the action, an Indian, an excellent marksman, declared that with his Rifle he had shot *seventeen* times at Washington, and was satisfied that he never could be killed by powder and ball.—Mr. DAVIES, an eminent Divine, (and, if recollection be correct, President of Williams and Mary College,) preached a sermon after Braddock's defeat, and among other observations respecting Washington, used this prophetic sentence (quoted from memory, but believed to be correct,) "*Who knows, but what God in his holy providence, has raised up this young Hero, to be in some future day, a Saviour of his country.*"

To few among the sons of men has heaven
The talent to be great, in *all things*, given:
In ev'ry plan great WASHINGTON design'd
System and object were, with means, combin'd.
He thought—he reason'd—judg'd, and acted right:—
His head was wisdom,—and his hand was might.
Round Vernon's Mount behold his mind display'd:
The stately dome—the grove's embow'ring shade:
His stables, barns, and gran'ries for the poor
Whisper sweet welcome from each op'ning door.
Adown yon slope the garden broad extends;—
And, there, the stately, loaded orchard bends:
The variegated shrubb'ry stretches wide,
And joins the lawn which meets Potomac's tide.
In the broad vale rank waves the rip'ning wheat—
On hills, beyond, the sportive lambkins bleat.
From those rich pastures, 'twixt the neighb'ring hills,
Embower'd with shades, and cheer'd by slaking rills,
The "broad responsive low" of herds is heard:—
The hills re-echo, and the vales are cheer'd.
Tall, distant forests greet th' admiring eye,
Stretch high their giant arms to prop the sky.
High pamper'd, in their stalls, the chargers neigh;
And hounds, staunch scented, wait the sportive day.
Round the high dove-cote clouds of tenants throng,
And cackling poultry raise their jocund song.
Domesticks brisk anticipate each call;
Each courts his duty—duty pleases all.

The whole œconomy moves like the mind
Of him who all the parts—the whole design'd.
The HERO's wisdom, the vast spring unseen,
In silence turns each wheel, and moves the whole machine.
Farmers; great WASHINGTON has liv'd for you:
With like industry, in his course pursue.
Thus liv'd the CHIEF, 'till heav'n's eternal plan
Requir'd to raise the destinies of man;
Ope broader scenes, and give new nations birth
To play the last great act of man on earth;
Which done, old Time will let the curtain fall,
Extinguish lamps, and spread earth's gloomy pall,
Enshroud himself, and die the last of all.
Freedom, oppress'd o'er all the eastern world,
Her sceptre veil'd,—her mournful banner furl'd:
To heav'n she rais'd, with grief, her streaming eyes
Resolv'd to quit the earth, and seek the skies.
When, lo! from heav'n she heard the high behest:
"Unfurl thy standard in the distant west—
"Cross the Atlantic—seek the western sky;
"There rule, and reign 'till Time himself shall die—
"Should petty despots, from European coasts
"Pursue, a SON shall rise and crush their hosts—
"COLUMBIA call thy realm—thy guardian SON
"To rear, and rule it,—call thou WASHINGTON."
Freedom, obedient to heav'n's high behest,
Quit hostile Europe—sought the friendly west.
Dauntless her sons the unknown world explore,
And rear her standard on Columbia's shore.

New perils rise—the countless savage host
Pour from the wilderness and line the coast:
Wide spreads the war—But heav'n's eternal plan
Requir'd to raise the destinies of man:
T' oppose that plan earth's nations strive in vain:
What heav'n decrees, heav'n ever will maintain.
Soon Freedom triumph'd; her fair empire rose
Dear to her sons; but dreaded by her foes.
European Despots gaz'd with wild surprize
At Freedom's standard wav'd in western skies.
And, O, proud *Albion;* shall we spare thy shame,
Or, tell the deeds which damn thy boasted fame?
Thy madden'd monarch, deaf to nature's laws,
Wag'd war 'gainst Freedom's sons, with Freedom's cause:
With fleets and armies lin'd Columbia's strand,
Her cities burnt,—laid desolate the land:
Mad *British Lions*, harness'd to Mars' car,
Spread wide the all devouring flames of war.
Freedom her sceptre wav'd:—her hardy host
Rush'd from the forests to th' invaded coast,
Resolv'd, once more, the tug of war to try,
And live like freemen,—or like freemen die.
Nor Greece, nor Rome, nor Sparta's martial land
E'er boasted heroes like Columbia's band.
But who can tell that constellation's fame?
Who call each brilliant star by proper name?

First, *Putnam** came (behack'd, and seam'd with scars,)
The batter'd thunderbolt of former wars.
Next, *Warren* brave; Bostonia's blooming pride;
Form'd helm of state, or battle's rage to guide.
Montgom'ry, born where Erin's fates inspire
The heart with kindness,—and the soul with fire.
Lincoln, the grave, the firm, the patriot sage,
Wise in experience—Nestor of the age.

---

* Notwithstanding many persons affect to regard as mere *stories* some of the anecdotes related of this most extraordinary man, the probability is, that not even the half of *truth* has ever been published. *Putnam* did not regard danger enough to make it the subject of conversation: besides he was not vain, or given to gasconade:—And nothing but a desire that the *true character* of Putnam, should be handed down to posterity, could induce the writer to insert this long note, which an uncharitable reader may fancy to have been inserted for another purpose. But the opinion of the writer has always been that all there was of *character* in the Revolutionary Heroes and Patriots ought to be handed down to posterity. Some short time before the death of Putnam, the author, having a desire to obtain and preserve the likeness of the Veteran, went to his house with a painter and procured his likeness: This interview afforded an excellent opportunity of interrogating the Soldier respecting his numerous hair-breadth escapes—The adventures to the *Wolf's Den*—over *Fort-Miller Falls*—The *Tomahawk Scene*—The action at the *Fiddler's Elbow*, &c. were all passed in review,—and confirmed in detail by the Hero, whose veracity was never questioned.

Putnam's escape in the last mentioned action, was next to miraculous:—He stood on the summit of the cliff behind a Hemlock tree not exceeding a foot in diameter—This tree the author cut down with his own hands, and brought a section of it about eleven feet long to Fort-Edward—The tree was identified by Col. Cochran who well knew it—It was dead, and no wonder, it had thirty-one Ball-holes in it—The section of eleven feet had twenty. A British Officer, Geo. Hamilton, who was present when the tree was felled, examining it, with wonder and astonishment, exclaimed "*Great God! Putnam* liv'd, where *Hemlock* di'd"!—

One anecdote which shows that Putnam's intrepidity and resolution remained unshaken to the last, is known to few except his family connections and neighbours; the author may, therefore, be pardoned for relating it. Putnam was old and infirm; but his body was one of that adamantine cast which death often attacks by *halves*; with paralytic shocks.—When *half dead* he was fond of riding on horseback—He had a wild, ungovernable, young Bucephalus which he wished broke for his own saddle—several hardy young men attempted the task, but invariably got thrown.—The spirit of Putnam roused—he chid the cowards sharply—and bade them mount his *half dead* body on the furious animal. Expostulation was vain—so it must be.—*They* put him *on*—the *horse* put him *off*—But Putnam persisted, and *did* break his horse, and often rode him: and illy would the spirit of the Soldier have brooked it, had he known (which was fact) that a servant hovered on his rear to watch his movements.

Herculean *Knox*, prepar'd to drive his car
Thro' battle's tempest on the wheels of war.
Intrepid *Wooster*, form'd of polish'd mind;
Noble in port—in manners all refin'd.
McDougal, firm, from hardy heroes sprung,
Whose deathless fame immortal Ossian sung.
Next *Mercer* came, all ardent for the field;
Who knew, of war, the whole—except, *to yield.*
Gates, skill'd in etiquette of vict'ries won;
To reap war's harvest,—when the battle's done.
Next valiant *Wayne;* whose soul, all fire and zeal,
No music lov'd like clang of clashing steel.
Greene, next—a hero of exalted name;—
The heir apparent to immortal fame.
Next came a Hero form'd for Freedom's cause,
With lore of nature's, and of nations' laws;
With glance intuitive his eye survey'd
A nation's resource, polity, and trade:
Of men, and things he took the broadest view,
And taught the young world what the old one knew:
His mind all practical,—of strength immense;
An arch of science key'd with common sense.
In peace, or war, *this* Hero was the same—
Dear is his mem'ry—*Schuyler* was his name:—
There stands the man! Silence! He seems to say,
"All hail, my friends, on this auspicious day:
"By heav'n's permit from realms of joy I come
"To greet my native city, friends, and home.

" My country's glory was my life's whole aim:
" Her glory dawn'd, and she's preserv'd my *Name*.
" Enough—But, O, my friends, guard well your boon,
" Let not your morning sun go down at noon:
" O, to yourselves,—to Liberty be true:—
" Preserve dear Freedom's reign on earth—Adieu."
Bless'd shade be sooth'd—thy counsels we'll obey:
Ascend in peace, again, to realms of day:
Freedom's bright standard, planted on our shore,
We swear to guard 'till time shall be no more.
To Freedom's temple, midst the Chiefs there came
A beardless *Youth*, of martial port and name,
From foreign land.—He spoke of Freedom's cause—
Of nature's—nations'—municipal laws—
Of treaties—resource—finance—commerce, trade—
Of tactics—marshall'd hosts, and war's parade,
Familiar all:—his vast ethereal mind
Seem'd *Alfred—Frederick—Chatham*, all combin'd
'Twas Freedom's favorite—her adopted son;
Her rising glory;—her great HAMILTON!
Her HAMILTON! a name Columbia wears
In mourning jewel, burnish'd with her tears:
Which fame, with muffled mourning trump spreads wide,
Swelling, alternate, joy's, and grief's full tide:
A name, which Virtue speaks not, but with sighs;
Nor Wisdom hears, but with bedewed eyes;
A name, Religion sprinkled at her fane,
And bade her Angel wipe away the stain

Which mark'd it man's—The Angel wept away
The crimson tinge, and bore it, pure, to realms of day.
Such Heroes came, at Freedom's high behest,
To guard her standard, planted in the west:
And other Chiefs, whose virtues, deeds, and name
Truth shall record on the bright roll of fame.
Greatest, and last came Freedom's promis'd Son,
The CHIEF of chiefs—immortal WASHINGTON.
As, when the broad and deep'ning shades of even
Brood o'er the earth and veil the face of heav'n;
First brightest Stars with glimm'ring rays appear
Cheering the gloom, and checking night's career:
Still night rolls on—each star still brighter glows:—
Effulgence brightens as the darkness grows:
Equal the force of darkness and of light:—
Nor yield the stars;—nor fly the hosts of night,
'Till full-orb'd, rolling up the eastern sky
The MOON appears—night's scatter'd forces fly.
So, in the dreary, dismal night of war,
Each son of Freedom shone a brilliant Star
In Constellation of commingled rays,
Whose glowing splendor, and effulgent blaze
Check'd hostile hosts, 'till WASHINGTON arose
Beaming, victorious, over Freedom's foes.—
Where Alleghany rears his cloud-capt head,
And views, alternate, either ocean's bed:
There Freedom's temple greets the morning ray,—
Reflects th' effulgent beams of setting day.

On topmost tower her Eagle, rous'd by Mars,
Flaps his broad wings, and waves the glimm'ring stars—
Thither the Heroes came—High on her throne
Freedom in all her native radiance shone:
With smile benign (her anxious cares suppress'd)
She wav'd her sceptre—thus her sons address'd:—
" Sons of my love,—great Chiefs:—By heav'n's behest
" I rear'd my last bright standard in the west:—
" I seek man's glory—guard his rights by laws;—
" The GOD of order guarantees my cause.
" Erst here I reign'd, his awful voice from heav'n,
" Pronounc'd my destiny:—and thus 'twas given:—
" 'Cross the Atlantic—seek the western sky—
" There rule, and reign 'till Time himself shall die.
" Should petty despots, from European coasts
" Pursue;—a Son shall rise and crush their hosts:—
" Columbia call thy realm—thy guardian Son
" To rear and rule it,—name thou Washington.'
" Sons equal lov'd—each fit to rule a realm,
" To marshal hosts, or guide a nation's helm;
" Ye hear the mandate—mark heav'n's high decree—
" Obedience yield—Heav'n rules my destiny—
" Columbia *is* my realm—my guardian Son
" To rear and rule it *is* my 'Washington:'
" Next him, my beardless stripling, *Hamilton.*
" Advance each Chief, destin'd to lead my host
" Accept his sword, and fly to guard my coast.
" *Albion*, in arms, with banners wide unfurl'd,
" Assails my empire in this western world:

" Fly—fly my Chiefs—rouse each his martial band,
" Repel the foe, and guard COLUMBIA's strand"—
She spoke—when, lo: swift blazing from on high,
Thirteen dread Meteors shot athwart the sky:—
Old Alleghany nodded his applause:
Loud rumbling thunders sanction'd Freedom's cause.
The Heroes draw their blades—throw scabbards by—
Swear Freedom's oath, and wave her banners high:
Each to his post directs his thund'ring car
Rousing Columbia's martial hosts to war.
The Rubicon is pass'd—each son renown'd
Must swing in noose—or, be with laurel crown'd—
For Freedom's sons no middle course remains;—
The dread alternative is swords,—or chains.
In vain ease, int'rest, safety urge to yield:—
Right, duty, honor, glory claim the field.
Each Chief, like meteor, spreads abroad his fires,
For Freedom's cause a holy zeal inspires.
From state to state wide spreads the flame around,
And marshall'd hosts rise at the clarion's sound:
From Maine's tall cliffs to Georgia's glowing sand
One gen'ral blaze pervades Columbia's land:
The cause is one—one spirit moves the whole:
Freedom's the cause; and WASHINGTON its soul.
O, cursed war—how hideous is thy form!
Bloated with blood, and fatten'd in the storm:—
Ambition's lust, on sin, produc'd thy birth;
A nat'ral son from hell,—nurtur'd on earth:—

Monster, begot and born 'gainst nature's law:
Thy parents with God's image glut thy maw.
Out from the world; thou envoy foul of hell—
Leave earth to man—dev'l with dev'l damn'd should dwell—
Vain were the hope:—'tis but by arm of might,
With sword up rais'd that Freedom guards each right.
Man is but man—the cursed thirst of gold;—
The lust of pow'r—ambition uncontroul'd
Make tyrants frantick,—Freedom's rights o'erthrow,
And deluge earth with one wide flood of woe.
Come then, infernal war, with all thy host;
Freedom's brave sons will guard Columbia's coast;
Tho' earth, and hell combine their force in one,
Freedom will trust, alone, her WASHINGTON.
Now, from each state, the marshall'd hosts come forth;
From east, west, south, and from the hardy north:
"Squadrons, on squadrons cloud the dusky" strand,
The hope, the pride, the glory of the land;
When marshall'd all in dazzling pomp of war,
Great WASHINGTON ascends his destin'd car.
From the deep centre, on a rising ground,
A voice is heard thro' the shrill trumpet's sound:—
"ATTENTION: Freedom's Sons!' the herald cries:
(The earth lies silent—silent hang the skies)
The CHIEF of chiefs high mounted on his car
His falchion waves, thus opes the cause of war:—
"Chiefs, warriors, Freedom's Sons:—The GOD of heaven
"To your great Sires this western world had given:

" Those valiant Sires on Freedom's altar swore
" To guard her rights 'till time should be no more.
" Your Fathers' spirits,—unborn millions claim
" The duty sworn—Protect your Fathers' fame.
" *Albion*, in arms, assails Columbia's coast!
" Rouse, Freedom's Sons, repel th' invading host:
" Rise, in your might; be true to Freedom's cause:
" Defend your rights—maintain your sacred laws:
" The world shall witness;—tyrants selves shall know
" A nation's spirit is a dreadful foe.
" Chiefs of our host,—mount each his destin'd car,
" The onset move, and guide the righteous war."
The Hero spoke—Trumpets and clarions sound;
From host to host loud plaudits echo round:
The star-deck'd Eagles flap their wings on high,
" FREEDOM OR DEATH" roll shouted to the sky.
Now, wide unfolding as the gates of light,
Host wheels from host, in majesty of might:
This, thro' the vale, in solemn grandeur moves;—
That, o'er the hill, gleams thro' the distant groves.
There vet'ran PUTNAM seeks the Hill of blood
Where hapless WARREN swells the crimson flood.
In Borean regions, midst eternal snow,
Erin's MONTGOM'RY seeks his distant foe:
Ill-fated Chief:—vict'ry perch'd on thy head;
But shriek'd and flew—Alas; she found thee dead!
Great SCHUYLER moves his motly legions forth,
To check the torrent rolling from the north:

With matchless skill, in safe retreating course,
He spreads the torrent, and destroys its force:
To *Saratoga's* fatal plains he lures
The British host;—and well that host secures.
O, curs'd ingratitude! thou dar'd'st to frown
On SCHUYLER;—and bestow *his* laurel crown
On GATES,—adroit to manage vict'ries won;
To reap war's harvest when the battle's done.
Where *Danb'ry's* flames rise blazing to the sky
Brave WOOSTER leads his host—But leads to die.
Sedate and firm McDOUGAL leads his host
To measure steel with Britain's pride and boast
In open field,—where the *White Plains* extend,
Where battles issues most on skill depend.
Where *Stoney-Point* o'ershadows Hudson's tide
The gallant WAYNE his squadrons leads with pride:
Nor cliffs, nor tow'rs, nor clang of clashing steel
Can cool his ardor or abate his zeal:
With batter'd head, upheld by Aids support
He mounts, thro' show'rs of shot, and scales the fort—
The deep resentment of disastrous day
Burns in his soul—and vengeance seeks her pay.
Quick from the standard Albion's *Lion* springs:—
Columbia's *Eagle* lights and flaps his wings.*

* For a correct understanding of the preceding ten lines, it is necessary the reader should call to his recollection these facts; that Gen. *Wayne* had been once surprised by the British in Pennsylvania, and although upon Inquiry he was honorably acquitted, still nothing but *Stoney-Point* could satisfy the pride of the soldier—Also, that *Wayne*, in mounting the fort, received a severe contusion on the head, and was actually supported by his Aids at the head of the regiment.—Indeed the whole affair was terrible:—Out of twenty men with Lieut. *Gibbon* on the forlorn hope, but three escaped death, or wounds.

For *Princeton's* hills, where Albion's hosts combine
Range the long battle, and extend the line,
MERCER, like lion eager for his prey,
Rushes thro' ranks to turn the doubtful day,
Deals death awide—'till shout of vict'ry given,
Then falls,—and bears the glad dispatch to heaven.
For *Charleston's* port, and *York's* embattled field
The cautious LINCOLN bears bright Freedom's shield:
Unmov'd by all vicissitudes of war;
The same in vanquish'd, or victorious car:
Or, vanquish'd, yields to Albion's lord his sword;
Or, victor, takes the sword of Albion's lord.†—
GREEN, Fabian Hanibal, with flying host
Ranges from state to state, from coast to coast;
Fights, runs, collects, returns and fights again
On hill; in vale, swamp, river, marsh or plain;
Directs his course where hostile hosts appear,
And falls impetuous on front, flank or rear:
His mighty powers all for war conspire;
"His body adamant—his soul of fire"—
The brightest day, the darkest night may shroud,—
And sun serene may sit in crimson'd cloud.
Herculean KNOX directs his rapid car
Where battle calls the thunderbolts of war:
Where death's rank harvest loads the groaning plain
With swaths of dying,—and with stacks of slain.

† The reader will recollect that Gen. LINCOLN, after having defended Charleston, S. C. to the last extremity, surrendered his army.—The terms were considered severe; in consequence of which, (as was supposed) Gen. WASHINGTON appointed LINCOLN *to superintend the ceremony of* CORNWALLIS's surrender at Yorktown.

With the great CHIEF the *Youth* ascends the car,
To aid, advise, and watch the various war;
Adroit to wield his matchless sword, or quill:—
Minerva—Mars—Apollo taught his skill:
Wherever moves of war the glorious SUN,
His *Satelite*, the first, is HAMILTON.
Thus Freedom's chiefs her hardy hosts led forth
To east, west, south, and the far distant north:
In ev'ry host went chiefs of honor'd name;
The Volunteers of Freedom—heirs of fame:
Fayette—Steuben—De Kalb, and *Poland's Son*,
And other Heroes eager for renown
In Freedom's cause;—whose names th' historic page
Shall all preserve, and tell to ev'ry age—
Thus moves to various war all Freedom's hosts;
To guard her cities, ports, frontiers, and coasts;
The CHIEF of chiefs directs and guides the whole;
The system one, and WASHINGTON its soul.

But who shall sing the splendors of the Sun?
Who trace the course his various planets run?
Who shall describe the glory of each star:
Or Freedom's every son, thro' eight years war?
Each star emits his light;—commingled rays
Effulgent shine in constellation's blaze:—
'Tis at the wide-spread *Firmament* we gaze,
Where, rolling high, amidst the orbs of light
The MOON, in glory, spreads the noon of night.

Eight years mad Albion wages war in vain:—
Vanquish'd her armies, and her chieftains slain;

In arts exhausted, and in battles driven,
Her hosts retire,—the scoff of earth and heaven.
Indignant Neptune harnesses his car
And, thro' his realm, scouts the vile sons of war
To Albion's coast—Britannia casts to heaven
Her swimming eyes, and wails her empire riven,
Her honor blighted, and the western world
Wrench'd from her grasp, and Freedom's Stars unfurl'd.
The day had come when heav'n's eternal plan
Requir'd to raise the destinies of man;
Ope broader scenes, and give new nations birth
To play the last great act of Man on Earth.
T' oppose that plan leagu'd empires war in vain—
What heav'n decrees, heav'n ever will maintain.
While from Columbia's coast her foe retires
The dawning Peace wide spreading joy inspires;
Freedom's exulting sons view dangers oe'r,
Hail happier days, and dread war's storm no more.
Not so their CHIEF:—His ever watchful eye
Reads embryo storms close veil'd in clearing sky;
'Tho' the long voyage, and raging storm are pass'd,
In port, the *ground swell** strains the unstay'd mast.
Cursed Ambition! thou would'st damn the cause
Of Freedom's self—nay, prostrate nature's laws,—

* *Ground swell*, is that wild commotion of the sea which survives the fury of the wind; and by it a ship is often terribly tossed, and having no head way upon her, is in danger of rolling away her mast if not well supported.—If we allow that WASHINGTON was the *Mast* of our political ship, the allusion will well apply; for no one will pretend to say, that at the period alluded to, he stood by any other strength than *his own*.

Usurp the system,—and with angry nod
Assail the throne of the ALMIGHTY GOD
T' enthrone *thyself*—Why here, on earth, dost dwell?
Home—home!—thou *Primum Mobile* of hell.—
The spoils immense of eight years war endur'd,
The price of blood,—with mighty toil secur'd,
In Freedom's temple lie;—Each suppliant son,
Before the portals, claims the boon he's won.
Bolted, and barr'd in sullen silence all—
No voice; save mocking echo from the wall.
In vain the valiant heroes plead their scars;
(Skin-tatter'd cov'ring of the wounds of Mars;)
Indignant, mutt'ring murmurs roll around;
From rank to rank wide spreads the clam'rous sound.
When, thro' the host (impell'd by lust of power,)
A leering chief,—(of visage grim and sour;
The bald *Thersytes* of Columbia's host,
The bosom friend of crafty *Cromwell's* ghost;
Deep vers'd in wiles—on mighty mischief bent,)
To fan the raging flame of discontent,
Whispers *Sedition*—but the coward soul
Escapes the ranks, dropping his *Trait'rous* scroll.
(So the curs'd savage shuns the honest light,
But stabs—scalps—murders—steals, and burns by night.)
The Scroll rais'd high; the list'ning host attends,
And thus 'tis read:—"Brave Warriors—Comrades—Friends;—
"Thro' eight long years we've trod the camps of Mars,
"Waded in blood, and borne the brunt of wars:

" For what?—For Freedom's cause? 'tis sheer pretence:—
" Freedom guards rights—Where is *your* Right's defence?
" The foe is vanquish'd—Independence won:
" What boots it you; now all your toils are done?
" Your wives are beggars! children beggars too!
" And *ye* must beg,—and *ought*;—or claim your due.
" Year after year *New Promises* are made:—
" Have ye been tented—barrack'd—cloth'd—fed, paid?
" No—In that temple, (which, as fools, *ye* guard,)
" Bolted and barr'd lies hoarded your reward:
" And will ye, longer, supplicating stand?
" Who dares resist? have ye not arms in hand?
" On, comrades, on—with swords assert your right—
" Freedom's but name depriv'd of arm of might:—
" On for your booty, valiant sons of war;
" Dash thro' the portals—Freedom's vaults unbar;
" Seize each his right,—and fire th' accursed dome,
" Then, in proud triumph, seek your welcome home:
" On, comrades, on, the temple storm by force;
" And, '*mark the* MAN, *who'd urge a diff'rent course.*'"
As when, o'er brush-spread mount deep scorch'd with suns
The wide strew'd fire in all directions runs,
The raging flame, by furious Auster driven,
Sweeps the whole mount, and clouds the face of heaven.
So, thro' the host the fire *Thersytes* spread
Rages and burns:—and now the onset's made,
When lo: (from inner hall where Sages sate
In Freedom's temple, anxious in debate

To crown with laurel'd competence each son)
Forth comes the godlike SAGE and HERO, WASHINGTON!
Th' advancing legions halt!—all silent stand:—
They gaze—they wait—they wish their CHIEF's command.
The CHIEF advancing, (but with grief oppress'd)
His falchion waves, and thus his soul's express'd:—
"Companions of my fates: your worth I've known,
"And feel your fame united with my own:—
"My heart is yours—with me you've fought and bled
"Where valiant Brothers slept in honour's bed.
"Glorious your triumph o'er your Country's foes;
"Your faith and constancy that Country knows
"And *feels* the debt—her faith and honour stand
"Its guarantee—Heav'n will that pledge demand.
"Trust—trust, brave friends, your Country's faith, and word:—
"O, blight not honour—tarnish not the sword.
"The world stands witness of the *Soldier's* fame:—
"Cloud not the lustre of the *Patriot's* name.
"All heav'n will weep, if, when they've foil'd the foe,
"Freedom's *own Sons* her temple overthrow!
"Do not the sacred, hallow'd vaults prophane
"Where rest the ashes of your Brothers slain;
"Recorded on that Temple's columns stand
"Th' immortal names of Martyrs in the land:
"MONTGOM'RY—WARREN—WOOSTER—MERCER's name!
"Can *you* destroy the tablets of *their* fame?
"Laurels and fame are all our life's reward:
"Let living soldiers be the dead one's guard.

" I know the wiles of mad ambition's tongue—
" Trust not to traitors—urge not *Right* by *Wrong*.
" I know the wretch who fans this rising flame:—
" Pity conceals,—but time shall brand his name.
" His soul is treason,—yet his hideous form
" Would mount the whirlwind, and direct the storm.
" What;—treason urge, and bid you *him* '*suspect*'
" Who dares that treason, and his guilt detect?
" The duty's *mine*,—and I the wretch '*despise*'
" Who'd build his fame on treason—murder—lies—
No—Soldiers, no—Rive not your tri'd friend's heart:
" Patriots we met,—and patriots we must part.
" Let the wide world, *once*, shout their just applause
" On Freedom's Son's, *All* true to Freedom's cause,
" (Barring *one solitary Traitor's case*,*
" Who sinn'd, and fell, and sunk to his own place.)
" Soldiers;—immaculate now stands your name:
" O, damn it not to raise a *Cromwell's* fame.
" Have, now, the *magnanimity to yield:*
" The war is o'er—with honor quit the field.
" My heart is full—pardon a soldier's tear:
" A soldier's love is to a soldier dear:
" Advance, each CHIEF, and take me by the hand:
" Adieu, dear Brothers—Heroes of the Land;
" GOD grant you all a soldier's wish can claim;—
" My GOD's—My COUNTRY's love—eternal Fame.†

* B. Arnold.

† It may, possibly, be thought by some, that the author has attached to [illegible] importance to the crisis here alluded to, and protracted the description to quite a

As, when the storm-rais'd rage of ocean's o'er,
Each wave rolls slow, and silent to the shore,
Kisses the Rock, dissolves and sinks again
To roll, commingled, with the mighty main;—
So, now, the host appeas'd, in silence stand,
While pensive chiefs move, slow, to grasp the hand
Of their dear HERO—weep their last adieu,
Wheel to their homes—the arts of peace pursue.
Procession gone,—the HERO mounts his car
And waves his last *Farewell* to all the sons of war.
Thro' showers of tears the rolling thunder comes
Of shouts, horns, trumpets, clarions, rattling drums:—
"Huzza—huzza—huzza, the *War* is done!
"Huzza—huzza—huzza, our cause is won!!
"Huzza—huzza—huzza, *all done by* WASHINGTON."
Again, the HERO waves his falchion high:—
Again, the shouts roll echo'd to the sky.
All uniform'd in—Rags, the barefoot host,
Freedom's defenders, and Columbia's boast,
Like clouds dispers'd, now shadow o'er the plain,
To *beg their bread!* and find, perchance, their home again
O, that an Angel's hand, with spunge of time
Could wipe away Columbia's foulest crime:
Her crime committed 'gainst each war-worn son,—
'Gainst *Faith she plighted to her* WASHINGTON!

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disproportionate length. It may be so: but the author has ever considered the crisis produced by the *Anonymous Letters* to the army as one of the most critical which WASHINGTON ever had to encounter.

All righteous heaven: the miser's vaults unbar,
Give to the orphan of the son of war
The just reward of all his sires hard toils:—
Spread, by thy providence, the blood stain'd spoils
Of that vile host, whose arts with "*Potage*" won
The honest "*Birth-right*" of the soldier's son.
Columbians: quench your cursed thirst for gold:—
In blood-bought rights, for pelph, no barter hold:
Learn that the love of virtue,—freedom's cause,
Of country, honor, glory, fame and laws
The basis forms of all that's good and great
In man;—the real wealth, and strength of state.
The potent draught shrinks all man's sinews up—
Gold, to a nation, is the drunkard's cup.
Now War no more—Sweet Peace from heaven descends
And o'er the realm her Olive Wand extends.
Hail, white-rob'd Angel from the throne of God;
Welcome to earth—here fix thy blest abode:
Here, o'er the wide extended western world,
Thy banners wave, with Freedom's, wide unfurl'd:
From distant realms bid all thy followers come
To thy assylum—their last welcome home:
Here rule o'er all, 'till from the flaming sky
Th' Arch-Angel's trump proclaim thine own PRINCE nigh.
Now Janus' temple barr'd, and Peace restor'd,
Columbia's HERO sheaths his conqu'ring sword:
To Freedom's temple next the CHIEF repairs,
His powers to yield, and doff wars arms and cares.

Wide ope the portals—the long halls are clear'd,
And every heart, and every eye is cheer'd.
In smiling ranks Columbia's Sages stand
And greet, with joy, the saviour of the land.
Silence admires—each throbbing heart beats high,
And virtue's tribute's tender'd by each eye.
High o'er the rest, encanopi'd in state,
The SAGE of sages rises from his seat,
Bows to the rising HERO,—silence breaks,
And thus Columbia's CHIEF of chiefs bespeaks:
" Illustrious CHIEF: Columbia's sons of state,
" All here assembl'd, your addresses wait."
When thus the CHIEF:—" My Country's Sage revered;—
" In Freedom's temple I have now appear'd
" To greet the ruling Sages of the land,
" And yield the powers, committed to my hand.
" With diffidence I hear'd your high behest:—
" But God has crown'd our efforts with success:
" FREEDOM and INDEPENDENCE we have gain'd:
" Heav'n and Columbia's sons their cause maintain'd:
" *All*, in the field, supported well their part—
" *Those nearest* me still dearest to my heart.
" Accomplish'd, now, our object—great design,
" THE POWERS, YOU GAVE, GREAT SAGE, I HERE RESIGN.*
" With prayers to God Almighty, I commend
" Our Country, and her cause, till time shall end."

* To avoid the imputation of prophane allusion, the author has intentionally omitted several very strong and appropriate expressions in this valedictory. No one

Thus spoke the CHIEF:—and thus the SAGE replies;
" Illustrious CHIEF,—high favorite of the skies:—
" By powers of language feebly are express'd
" The strong emotions which expand each breast,
" While here, this day, the Sages of the land
" Receive the Powers long trusted to your hand.
" When first our country call'd you to your post,
" To raise, to discipline, and lead her host,
" She had no funds, nor government, nor laws;—
" Your arm, alone, sustained Freedom's cause.
" Wisdom and constancy have mark'd your course
" Thro' all vicissitudes;—your country's force
" In arms, is to the wond'ring world made known;—
" Posterity shall know their sires renown.
" With perseverance you the war sustain'd—
" FREEDOM and INDEPENDENCE nobly gain'd;
" Their standard bright your hand has wide unfurl'd,
" And, dauntless, wav'd it o'er the western world.
" Your glory ends not with the Conq'ror's name:—
" Posterity shall realise your fame.

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who knows the true character of WASHINGTON can suppose that it ever occured to Him, (yet such is the fact) that there is a strong analogy between his address and the 17th Chapter of John.—Mark the following: The blessed SAVIOUR says, " I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do."—" And, now, I am no more in the world, but these are in the world, and I come to thee,"—" I pray for them," &c.—WASHINGTON says, " Having, now, finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action," &c.—" It was impossible the choice of confidential officers should have been more fortunate: Permit me to recommend," &c. This analogy, to be sure, would have been greatly strengthened had WASHINGTON mentioned the case of *his* Judas—*Arnold.*

Upon critical examination, and comparison, the reader will be satisfied that this observation is neither rashly, or unwarrantably made.

" That GOD ALMIGHTY may protect our realm
" And bless, with wisdom, those who guide her helm,
" We join your prayer: and, may his holy hand
" Preserve, great CHIEF, the saviour of our Land
" Thro' all life's scenes, safe to his blest abode,
" To full fruition of ALMIGHTY GOD."*
Whilst up the temple of immortal Fame
From flight to flight we trace our HERO's name,
At head of each some broader tablet new
Spreads brighter glories to our ravish'd view—
But where the cape-stone? *Now* we seem to rise
Where mortals mingle glories with the skies?
Then boldly on:—to WASHINGTON 'tis given
To mark the Patriot's road from earth to heaven.
Columbia's sons: will not your HERO's love
Lure you to trace his course to realms above?

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* The author's principal inducement to attempt versifying these two valedictories, was to continue the chain of his subject unbroken. He has endeavoured to retain the prominent ideas in each address, as history has preserved them: but the simple elegance of stile in which they are penned, would mock the versification of a Pope. The reader may, therefore, possibly extend a little compassion to the writer, who certainly has not the least inclination to attempt versifying any more addresses couched in that elegant simplicity of stile which is, at least by *him* unattainable.

It is a lamentable fact that the accursed poisonous froth which floats on the surface of that Revolutionary Flood which has deluged the world, has poisoned not only Principles, but the very *Language* in which they were once intelligibly, and forcibly expressed.—Where, in modern times, do we find laws, diplomatic correspondence, state papers, or even newspaper essays penned with that terceness, simplicity, pith, and perspicuity which were the prominent characteristics in the stile of our Fathers? To test this opinion let any one observe the great diminution of substantives, and the increase of unnecessary, epithetical adjectives in a given number of words, in any modern state paper he can find, compared with an ancient one.

The Language of a nation is a valuable part of its property, and he who clips, batters, or disfigures it, commits violence upon the virgin purity of his mother ..... tongue.—The writer anticipates the reader's "retort courteous," and will parry it:—a tolerable good *Rubstone* may never become an *Edge-tool.*

Fame's temple enter—shrink not with dismay;—
Virtue is passport to the realms of day.—
The hand of WASHINGTON points out your way.
Ye rising "BANDS BENEVOLENT," whose name
Spreads like the dawning of your PATRON's fame:
Ye noble souls, bold in your country's cause,
Undaunted friends of liberty and laws,
Who dare, on flood tempestuous, launch your Ark,
Preserve your rights, and nobly man your barque;
By WASHINGTONIAN compass steady steer,
Nor broach to waves, nor with the whirlwind veer:—
Be *yours* the task to teach the rising age
The noble virtues of your PATRON sage.
His dying precepts form your sacred creed,
Expound the text, and practice what you read.
"Example is a living law whose sway
We more than all the written laws obey."
What ye have learnt, that teach to every son:
Preserve—preserve the creeds of WASHINGTON.
'*Nil Desperandum*" is the Patriot's creed;
And he must *act* it, tho' his country bleed
At every pore—Patriots know no dismay:—
Night's *darkest hour* is near the *dawn of day.*
The day will come when, from the pitying sky,
Heav'n's long avenging Angel's trump shall cry
"*Enough*:"—then shall your principles maintain
Columbia's honour, glory, rights and fame.
Oft as the year revolves this NATAL DAY,
Approach God's temple,—there your homage pay:

Place each his WASHINGTON before his heart,
There let his *Badge* perform the sentry's part;
Let no unworthy thought, or motive dare
Whisper within—for WASHINGTON is there.
In solemn pomp let martial bands parade:—
War's standards round the temple be display'd:
And last, presiding o'er your Banner'd host,
Raise high your WASHINGTON—Columbia's boast.
Then choirs harmonious raise the sacred song;
The deep-ton'd organ swell the notes along:
Give form and life to ev'ry Hero's name;
Believe the whole, and pant for equal fame:
While each thrill'd heart high heaves the whisp'ring sigh,
"O that I could but for my Country die,
"To live on Banners blazon'd with the brave,
"Triumph o'er death—reap laurels from the grave."
Where, next, pursue our never ending theme?
How sound the source, or trace the growing stream?—
As, on broad wings the tow'ring Bird of Jove
Shapes his bold course, and dauntless soars above,
On the Sun's glory steadfast keeps his eye,
And stems the flooding tide of glory high;—
So the bold Bard to trace Columbia's SON,
And soar, in glory's blaze, for WASHINGTON,
Should mount on light'ning's wings; and heav'n's own fire
Blaze in his numbers, all his soul inspire.
But, ah; our muse, o'erwhelm'd in glory's blaze,
Droops the weak wing, and pants in feeble lays

While but the HERO's praise she 'tempts to sing.—
The SAGE's fame requires a bolder wing.
Heroes are great,—but Sages greater far—
The Hero *wields*,—the Sage *improves* the war.
Heroes, in battle, seek their *own* great name—
Sages, in peace, their *Country's* weal and fame:
Heroes, in night of war, like dog-stars blaze;—
Sages, like suns, diffuse their rip'ning rays.
The HERO sung:—Next, from the camps of Mars,
From leading Freedom's conqu'ring hosts in wars,
To sweet retirement,—to high chair of state,
To steer Columbia's helm, and guide her fate
The mightier SAGE we trace. O that our lyre
Were warm'd, and rous'd, and guided by like fire,
Blazing with holy zeal in Freedom's cause,—
For virtue, order, liberty and laws
As glow'd, incessant, in our SAGE'S soul,—
Then all harmonious might our numbers roll:
On wings of fire the daring muse might rise
And trace Columbia's SAGE to destin'd skies.
O, ye vile Vampires; who, in fields of Mars,
Bloat foul with blood, and fat on spoils of wars:—
Ye sons of sin, begot of death, in hell,
Who come, furlough'd on pay, with man to dwell:
Ye *Cæsars—Cromwells—Bonapartes*—(each name
Enough to damn a world of honest fame;)
Whose mad ambition, on war's shoreless flood,
Would circumnavigate the earth in blood:

Dare ye appear where WASHINGTON, the SAGE
Acted His part, and sanctifi'd the stage?
Angels would *kiss* ye;—and your cursed name,
On Devils' cheeks, would start *white* blush of shame!
Beware Ambition's sons—Heaven's high behest
To Freedom read—"Fly to the distant west:—
"Rear thy bright standard near the western sky
"There rule, and reign 'till Time himself shall die."
By MAGNA CHARTA, under seal of heaven,
Columbia's realm to Freedom first was given:—
Her SON, great WASHINGTON, with his own hand,
Her temple rear'd—possessed, improv'd the land.
Tyrants, Avaunt! Here, on Columbia's shore,
Freedom *must* rule 'till time shall be no more.
Now, free from toils and all wars anxious cares,
The godlike SAGE to Vernon's Mount repairs:
No idle peageantry,—no squadrons move
To guard the object of Columbia's love.
Why guard the SAGE with valiant martial host?
Ambush'd by none,—save those who *love* him most.
From stage to stage, from state to state, his way
Is lin'd by thousands who their homage pay:
Infants, maids, matrons, ev'ry sire and son
Must greet Columbia's HERO—WASHINGTON!
To *see** is safety,—and to grasp HIS *Hand*
The highest honour known in Freedom's land.

* The narrow limits the writer has proposed to himself, and the little time he means to bestow on his task will not permit him to note the numerous interesting Anecdotes related of the impressive scenes which occurred to GEN. WASHINGTON

And, now, the Mount appears? Vernon's tall trees
Fan their glad foliage in the greeting breeze:
The whisp'ring welcome rustles thro' the groves,
And every tree bows to the lord he loves.
Potomac smiles—suppress'd his hollow roar;—
His waves, slow ling'ring, kiss the greeting shore.
The Feather'd choirs surround the grove-girt dome,
And all, harmonious, chant the "*Welcome Home.*"
High o'er the groves Columbia's Bird,* with pride,
Flaps his broad wings and sails the airy tide:—
Life, love, and joy illume the blest retreat,
Where virtue's self and her reward, once, meet:
The Mountain moves,—for WASHINGTON, his soul,
Returns—reanimates, and cheers the whole.

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in various parts of the U. S.—Our historians have mentioned too few of them:—they would, probably, fill a volume: and why not collect and preserve them? Is not the history of the scene of the young Misses at Trenton Bridge as well calculated to endear WASHINGTON to the nation, as that of the Battle of Monmouth? It is a common place observation that "*Republicks are ungrateful.*" Our government is Republican:—The aspersion is, therefore, upon our own character: why not refute it? Why do we so tamely admit the fact alledged, and take no pains to collect, and preserve the testimony to refute it? We are deeply interested in every thing which concerns the character of our government. It is matter of minor consequence what the form of government is, provided it be stayed and supported by the love and zeal of the governed. Government is not, as some suppose, like the Oak of the hills which stands in its own strength, and being stayed and supported by its own roots defies the tempest:—It more resembles the Mast of the ship, which must be stayed and supported in every direction, or,—whatever may be its own strength,—it will soon go by the board. The writer is clearly of opinion that a volume containing the well authenticated Anecdotes evincive of the love and gratitude of the American People to WASHINGTON, with engravings descriptive of the scenes, would be a profitable book for the youth of the country—Not only justice, but sound policy dictate to a nation punctuality in the payment of her debts of gratitude—Noble souls will only be engaged by noble rewards; they should, therefore, be always held out. The day may not be far distant when the United States will need another WASHINGTON—The occasion may rouse the *talents* of the man, but should he find that the public sentiment of his country occupies but the low grounds of ingratitude, he will rather encamp and risk his fortunes on the heights of ambition.

* Bald Eagle.

Come, now, ye Saints of the ALMIGHTY GOD,
Who, in his temples, sound his praise abroad;
Who bring thank-offerings to the throne of heaven
For the great mercies to your country given:
Come, to GOD's holy temple all repair,
Kneel with your SAGE, and worship with him there.
Behold your HERO, crown'd with earth's first fame,
Bowing,* with rev'rence at his JESUS' name:
Humble he kneels before the sacred shrine,
Partakes the consecrated Bread and Wine:
The firm believer in the Great I AM;
The humble follower of the blessed LAMB.
Christians; great WASHINGTON has liv'd for you—
Pay his example all the rev'rence due:
Midst all wars tumults, and his country's care
He sought the Groves,† and kneel'd to heav'n in prayer:

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* General Washington was an Episcopalian, but never omitted any convenient opportunity of attending public worship with any other denomination of christians. The profound reverence which he manifested in the worship of his God seemed to solemnize every beholder. One of our historians thus quotes from the Rev. Mr. Massey, long Rector of Washington Parish:—"I never knew so constant a Churchman as WASHINGTON: and his behaviour in the house of God was so deeply reverential, that it produced the happiest effects on my congregation, and greatly assisted me in my moralising labors—No company ever kept him from church—I have been, many a time, at Mount Vernon, when his table was filled with guests. But, to him they furnished no pretext for neglecting his God, and losing the satisfaction of setting a good example. For, instead of staying at home out of false complaisance to them, he used constantly to invite them to accompany him."

† The same Historian mentions that while the American Army lay at Valley Forge, a respectable Friend by the name of Potts, in passing thro' a retired wood heard the voice of a man in prayer,—He approached cautiously, and to his joy and astonishment found WASHINGTON on his knees pouring out his soul to GOD in fervent prayer. Good Potts returning home thus accosted his wife:—"Sarah, All's well—George Washington will prevail—Thee knows that I always thought the Sword and the Gospel utterly inconsistent; and that no man could be a Soldier and a Christian at the same time. But George Washington has, this day, convinced me of my mistake,—If George Washington be not a man of God I am greatly deceived—and still more shall I be deceived, if God do not, through him, work out a great salvation for America."

Religion mild expanded his vast soul,
And all his mighty powers were under her controul.
  Religion! sacred Name! the universe,
All nature's realms thy sacred Creed rehearse;
With voice united all this truth proclaim;—
"THERE IS A GOD—JEHOVAH IS HIS NAME."
Religion! parent of all duty's laws;
The will express of the ETERNAL CAUSE:
All worlds, material, bow before thy sway;
Proud Intellect, alone, dares disobey:
Hence rebel Angels from their thrones were hurl'd;
And rebel Man had forfeited his world.
But, O, adored be thy glorious plan,
Which magnifies GOD's Law, and rescues Man.
Teach humble Man thy precepts kindly given;
Teach him that Duty's path, alone, can lead to heaven.
  Next, view the MAN, in native greatness great;
Nor clad in arms, nor deck'd with robes of state:
The FARMER, now, his rural cares pursues,
Turns his broad fields, his grazing flocks reviews.
Familiar with the soil of every field,
He bids this corn,—and that the barley yield;—
Here graze the chargers,—there the sheep must bleat;—
Here grow the forage—there the waving wheat.
There rolls the mill which grinds the *Hoe-cake** meal:
Here, in the rope-walk, turns the buzzing wheel:

* The "*Hoe-cake*" of the Virginians is similar to the *Johnny-cake* of the Yankees—a *baked* modification of our *Suppawn*;—all made of maze-meal. GENERAL WASHINGTON, when at Mount Vernon, always made his breakfast of three small *Hoe-cakes*—*What say* you to this, foot-foundered Epicures?

There, in his shop, with brawny arms, and bare,
The son of Vulcan forges the smooth share.
Yon out-house' roof the carpenters renew,
To ward the storm from Æthiopia's crew:
The Master's heart pleads nobly in the cause
Of Afric's sons doom'd *Slaves* by *Freedom's laws.*
Industry walks her steady busy round;
Order, and peace, and harmony abound:
The whole œconomy moves like the mind
Of Him who all the parts, the whole design'd:
The Sage's wisdom, the great spring unseen,
Directs, in silence,—moves the whole machine.
Still just the Farmer to his country's claim,
Still jealous for his own immortal fame,
His broad establishment (tho' section small
Of that great circle where He mov'd o'er all)
Is as it *was*, the welcome home of worth;
Open to all the noble sons of earth.
Hither, in crouds, brave brother Heroes come;
And here the Sages find their welcome home;—
Hither the sons of Diplomatic fame;
And here the Traveller of worth or name;
Hither the peasants of his native soil;—
Hither the war-worn Soldier, son of toil:
Hither the wand'ring, friendless, famish'd poor
All throng,—thick throng the godlike Sage's door;—
He greets the whole—counsel or bread imparts,
And rules, and reigns the idol of all hearts.

As, in the Solar system, the vast Sun
The centre holds, while planets round him run:—
To Him the *Comets* (mission'd through the void,
*Envoys** by other distant Suns employ'd)
Pay their warm homage,—then, thro' realms of space,
Trace their ellipses to their own Sun's place:—
So, in Columbia's system, her great SON,
WASHINGTON, the centre holds,—around him run
Sages, and Heroes,—ev'ry son of fame,
From foreign land, pays homage to his name.
To tread on *Vernon's Mount*, and greet the SAGE
Is honor's height—the glory of the age—
Thus liv'd the SAGE in Vernon's blest retreat;—
But ah; his Country's glory not complete:
Her INDEPENDENCE, gain'd with toil and blood,
Floated, a Hull, on dark chaotic flood;
Nor mast, sail, spar, ground-tackle, compass, chart,
No master, mate, nor crew to act their part.
Freedom, by WASHINGTON, had gain'd her *Cause*—
No more—she had nor Government, nor Laws:
The common Danger was the common band
Which bound the States, and sav'd Columbia's land.

* If there be a subject to which may be applied the maxim "*Quot homines tot sententiæ*," it is that of Comets: they seem to be the mere foot-balls of Astronomers, and every one kicks them whatever way he pleases, provided their tails do not come in contact with the fume of his own brain. The writer hardly need raise his *Poetic Licence* (if he has one) to shield himself against any objection which may be raised to considering Comets as *Envoys* from foreign systems to ours—He who pleads in *abatement* must always furnish a *better plea*.—If the hypothesis be correct that Comets move round two *Foci*, at the extremes of their ellipses, who can tell but what their visits to our system may be to adjust some balance of power, so nice as to have escaped even NEWTON's eye, and yet necessary to preserve the harmony of the great whole?—

> "*Thro' worlds* unnumbered tho' the God be known,"
> *Man has eno'*!" to trace him in our own."—

The common danger o'er, each rival State
Asserted right to wield, at will, her fate:—
Who could deny? E'en Wisdom stood amaz'd
At her Atchievement:—Admiration gaz'd!
Columbia stood the wonder of the earth!
She gaz'd *herself*—and disbeliev'd her birth!
Where were ye, then, ye fiends in human form;
Who drive in whirlwinds, and direct the storm?
Ye *Burrs*, and ———— by ambition driven,
"Who'd rather reign in hell, than serve in heaven"?
Ah, well ye knew, to check your wild career
Columbia's Son,—her Washington was there:—
Soon as He set—his glorious course had run,
Ye whelm'd, in blood, Columbia's *rising* Sun:
His blood, like *Abel's*, still cries from the ground:—
(*Cain* lives accurs'd)—let tyrants mark the sound—
Again, behold; a wonder-working power
Shall Freedom guard in this her darkest hour;
Prove common danger still her common cause;
Parent of safety, government and laws.
Patriots from state to state their danger view,
Retrace their counsels,—but their cause pursue:
Experience long proves, now, their safest guide,
They reason thus, and thus they all decide:—
"The *Body Politic* has now no *Head*—
"Its functions all suspended lie,—as dead:
"The problem is to ward the Body's *Death*;
"Form proper *Head*, and animate with *Breath*.

" Wisdom profound might such an *Head* produce :—
" But *Breath* deni'd, where *Head* and *Body's* use ?
" The People's *Will* is a Republic's *Soul ;*
" Head—Body—Breath are under *Their* controul.
" The *People*, then, must speak in their own cause :
" Declare their CONSTITUTION—frame their *Laws*.
" Conclusion plain—All see the glorious blaze
" Of mid-day *Sun* :—But how collect his *Rays ?*
" Be that the *People's* task—let *Them* decide
" Their destiny—*Their Will express'd* their guide :—
" And so *Resolv'd*"——To Freedom's sacred Dome,
By delegated power the People come.

But who shall name the Sages who appear ?
Or who the wisdom of each Sage declare ?
Proud Earth now views her Constellation's blaze,
Where ev'ry Star shines like the Sun's broad rays !
Alfreds, and *Edwards*, *Chathams*, *Peters* great :—
Bacons, *Lockes*, *Sydneys*, *Hamdens*,—sages great :
And greater sages still are here combin'd ;
For HAMILTON with WASHINGTON is join'd !

Reason ; blest Lamp, by man's Creator given
To light his dreary path from earth to heaven :
How oft doth Passion cloud thy glim'ring light,
And plunge man headlong in the gloom of night !
Great, now, thy vict'ry over passion's host ;—
Shine in thy triumph, still remain man's boast :
The wond'ring world behold thy light divine
Thro' all Columbia's realm unclouded shine.

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Shine, blessed Lamp,—with lustre light the stage
Where soon shall enter that immortal SAGE
By heaven destin'd, from his early birth,
To act the HERO's part of "MAN ON EARTH."
Nor Bard, nor Angel's tongue can now rehearse,
In strains seraphic, nor in human verse
The various wisdom, eloquence and name
Of all Columbia's Sons of deathless fame.
Our muse, impatient, stretches for her goal,
Nor time, nor numbers under her controul:
No more she *paints*, but *sketches* as she flies,
And leaves the finish to the fancy's eyes.—
In Freedom's temple, now, Columbia's fate
Stands the vast subject open'd for debate.
When crises rise then Freedom's every son
Calls for the wisdom of her WASHINGTON:
High o'er the rest the SAGE by all rever'd
Is rais'd—and first his solemn voice is hear'd.
While, erst, from state to state his car he drove,
The object dear of all Columbia's love,
Commingling soul with sages of each state
He gain'd the wisdom of the good and great.
Of *Body* politic he knew the whole;
And, well HE knew to fit it with a *Soul*;—
What *Head* might best direct the mighty fates
Of that vast *Body* THIRTEEN rising STATES!
HIS mind intuitive, devis'd the plan
To leave man free, and yet to govern man:

To fix the base of Freedom's glorious cause
On *Equal Rights secur'd by Equal Laws:*
The People's *Will* to be the People's *Guide;*
And let that *Will* their destinies decide:
Confederated States together roll,
The *Body* vast directed by *One Soul:*
Where *All* move *One;* and yet the *One* moves *All,*
All roll *together,*—or *together* fall.

So, when, at first, the great Eternal Cause
Launch'd nature's system, and ordain'd its laws;
He bade each planet in its orbit roll;
Self-balanc'd each—each balancing the whole;
One under all,—all under one's controul:—
Repell'd,—attracted, each pursues its course;
Gives, and receives, and moves in common force:
All move the one—and still the one moves all,
All move together,—or, together fall.—

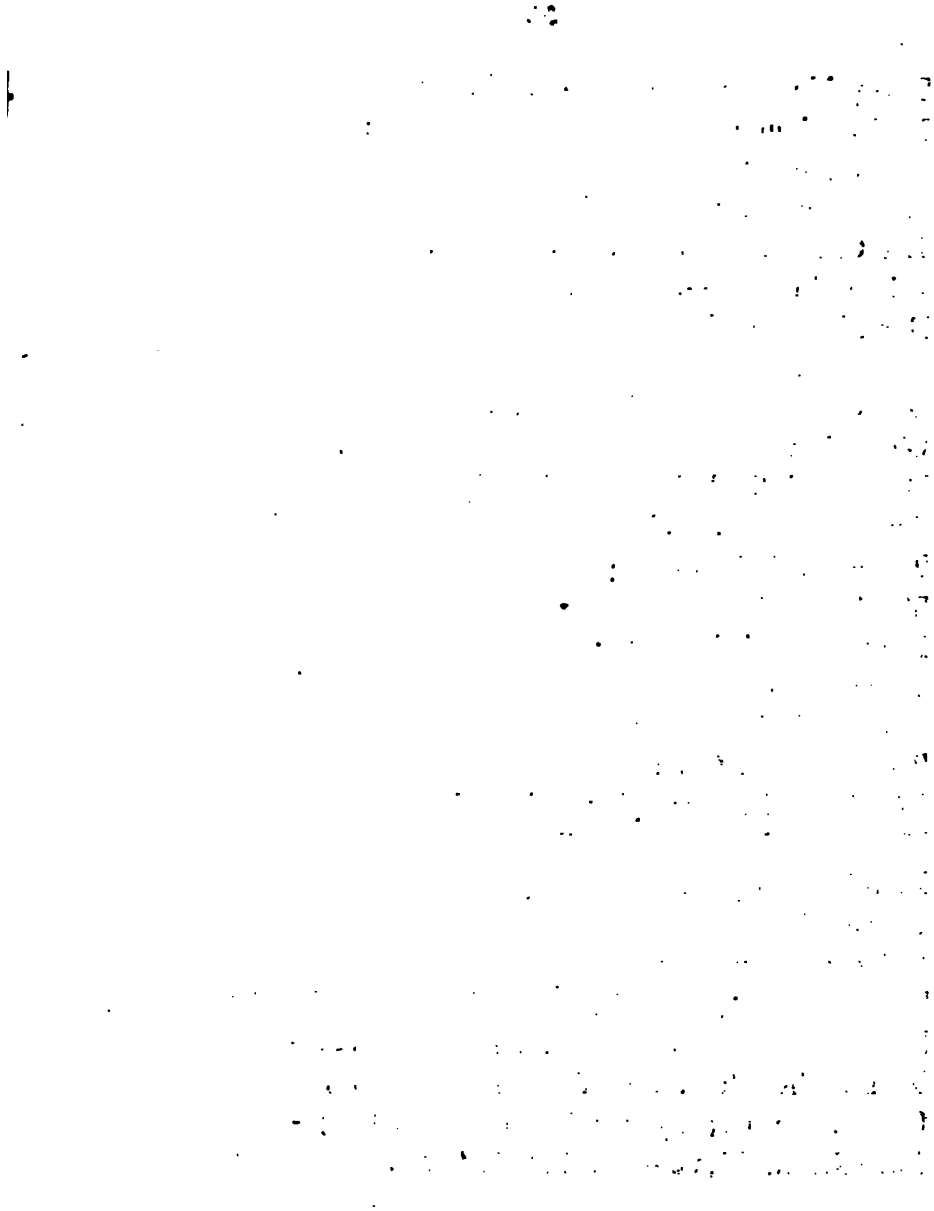
The Sage's plan by sages all is heard;
The plan applauded, and the Sage rever'd:
The anxious People thro' the realm demand
Their Constitution sanction'd by that Hand
Which, erst, in war, had led their host to fame—
Their Constitution, sanction'd by His Name,
They all *Adopt.*—To steer the rising realm
They call their Washington to take the helm;
Next him is plac'd Columbia's rising boast,
His head a senate,—and his arm a host,—
Illustrious Hamilton,—whose mind could change
Chaos to order—whose matchless skill arrange

A nation's resource, finance—commerce—laws,
And make the common weal the common cause.
  Revered Shades! If sentries of the sky
Permit the act, glance down th' approving eye:—
Behold the fruits of all your toils and pain,
Cheer the true sons who yet your creed maintain:
Teach them with equal wisdom, love, and zeal
To serve their Country, and promote its weal.
  Great Washington essays the untri'd helm,
To steer, thro' sea becalm'd, Columbia's realm:
Soon gentle breezes swell his canvass wide;
With head-way gain'd he stems the ebbing tide:
But soon the flooding tide begins to rise;
He shapes his course—his Eagle flaps the skies;—
Himself the Compass:—his unerring soul
True-touch'd by heav'n, points steady to the pole
Of public weal;—while on the circle round,
Each virtue's course, distinctly mark'd, is found.
He who shall sing the glories in this wake,
Trace the whole voyage, and slightest sketches take
Of all discov'ries on Columbia's shore;—
His fame shall live 'till time shall be no more.
  Glance but the eye o'er all the western world;
See Freedom's glorious banners wide unfurl'd:
Here opes the theatre of heav'ns own plan,
The last prepar'd for Earth's great Hero Man—
With fancy's boldest pinions soar on high;
View the wide realms which meet the western sky;

Dart the quick ken from Maine to Georgia's strand,
And trace, with pride, Columbia's wide spread land:
Ontario—Huron—Erie, and Champlain,
And Mississippi rolling to the main:
See nodding forests bending to the breeze,
The woodlands waving round the waving seas:
Here stretch the ranging mountains—there the plains—
Here roam the savage tribes,—and there the swains.
Here Nature strikes her strongest, boldest lines,
And paints broad scenes unknown in eastern climes.
And while we view great nature's noble plan
We mark the corresponding works of man:—
A world the realm,—made for a world the laws,
Devis'd by Freedom's Sons for Freedom's cause.
Here arts all flourish,—science walks abroad;
Man knows his rights, and reverences his God.
No tyrant's frown can the bold mind controul;
Genius looks up and animates the soul:
Majestic Man enjoys the boon that's given,
And walks the lord of earth,—and heir of heaven.
From the Atlantic to the western skies
Cities, and towns, and villages arise;
Where, erst, the Savage roam'd the trackless wood,
Now stands a temple to Columbia's God:
Where, lately, prowl'd the hideous beast of prey,
Science' tall dome, now, greets the morning ray:
Where Savages, once, held their war debates,
Sage Legislators hold their peaceful seats:

In the deep wood where, erst, the Powaw yell'd,
The useful village school is now, beheld.
The rich produce of the most fruitful soil
With wealth rewards the farmer's moderate toil:
The inland streams, broad bays, and lakes and seas
Whiten with canvass in the swelling breeze:
Each groaning stream his pond'rous load supports,
Winds thro' the woodland hills, and seeks the ports.
And oft the ranging eye of fancy's pleas'd
To view our Commerce in far distant seas;
O'er Europe's, Afric's, Asia's coasts is spi'd
Columbia's Eagle hov'ring on each tide;
On pinions bold he towers above the stars,
Prepar'd for equal peace, prepar'd for wars:
Round the whole globe, where winds and tides are known,
Columbia's Commerce seeks each clime and zone:
Returning fleets from every foreign land
Waft their vast treasures to Columbia's strand:
Peace, freedom, joy, and wealth at home are found;
Abroad, respect, fame, honor and renown.
Columbia's Sons enjoy their sweet repose,
And see the "*Desert blossom like the rose.*"
Such the vast fruits of WASHINGTON's great plan,
Which leaves man free, yet wisely governs man;—
Where the firm base of Freedom's glorious cause
Is equal Rights,—secur'd by equal Laws.
Accomplish'd, now, his mighty work assign'd,
The greatest, best, most glorious of mankind,

The pride of earth,—the Idol of the age
Retires, immortal, from the public stage:
Leaving the Transcript of his own great mind,
His Creed—a "Legacy" to all mankind.
His Creed is wisdom, and deserves to stand
Printed in Stars—be read thro' every land.
Read it, Columbians,—print it on your heart—
Shape your whole course, steer only by this Chart:—
'Tis your Salvation!—Now the tempest roars
O'er ship-wreck'd Europe,—thunders on *our* shores!
Broad flash the lightnings of terrific wars;
And sprays of blood o'er lash the weeping stars!
The awful bolts of vengeance thick are hurl'd:—
The hand of wrath shakes terribly the world!
Fly to your Ark—steer by the Chart that's given—
Your Washington has mark'd your course thro' earth to heaven.
Then, in GOD's temple, on this Natal Day,
To your great Chief your grateful homage pay.
This is our Theme:—Columbians, join the song:—
Ye hills and dales the swelling notes prolong:
Floods, clap your hands—ye nodding forests sing:
Ye cloud-capt mountains the broad echo ring:—
Old ocean, on thy swelling billows roll
The spreading joy, and cheer each distant pole:
For Washington proclaim the nation's love:—
Ye seraphs catch the rapt'rous strains above,
Chant them, sweetly, thro' your blest abode;—
Love for our Hero—Gratitude to GOD.



APPENDIX.

ODES FOR WASHINGTON's BIRTH DAY.

TUNE—ANACREON.

I.

AWAKE, Freedom's Sons, her banners display,
And hail the bright morn which beams joy on the nation;
Columbians, rejoice; 'tis the blest NATAL DAY
Of HIM who wrought out our great earthly salvation;
In splendour, the sun
Now rises to run,
Proclaiming the BIRTH of our great WASHINGTON:
Each realm, and each region wherever he rolls,
Re-echos the tidings—joy spreads to the poles.

II.

The wisdom of heav'n devis'd the vast plan,
The Universe rose: all the worlds in their stations;
'Twas said; and 'twas done—this earth fell to man,
Connected with heav'n, by wond'rous relations.
HE, who could ordain
Great nature's vast chain,
Bade man the mid link of the whole to sustain:
To man, thinking matter, the high rank was given
To rule lord of earth, and then rise heir of heaven.

III.

But man was, for sin, from Paradise hurl'd;
Offended his GOD, and soon lost his high station:
Fell discord arose, her standard unfurl'd;
Stain'd earth with man's blood, and commenc'd desolation:
The blood-crested Mars
Soon harness'd his cars,
And rous'd up the nations to slaughter and wars:
The eastern world sunk in the deep gloom of night—
Man's mind was beclouded;—surrender'd each right.

IV.

But merciful heav'n indulgent to man,
Bade Science and Freedom, their empires combining,
The darkness dispel, and aid the great plan,
To rule the fierce people, their manners refining:
Support their great cause,
By morals and laws,
And rescue the nations from tyranny's jaws:
That man might enjoy, still, his noble boon given:
His birthright, on earth; and his heirship to heaven.

V.

Fair Science and Freedom their banners unfurl'd;
And nations emerg'd from their dark superstition;
While white-winged commerce diffus'd round the world
The arts, and the treasures to aid their condition:
Religion's pure flame,
And honor and fame
Exalted their character, manners, and name:
Man's rights were secured; his duties defin'd,
And governments answer'd the great ends design'd.

VI.

In each rising realm some Hero, or Sage,
(Inspired by heaven to act in high station;)
The honor, the glory, the pride of the age,
Controuls the high destinies of the whole nation:
He guides the high car,
Of peace, or of war,
Diffusing his name and his glory afar:
His name and his honor, the people rehearse;
His praises the theme of their song, and their verse.

VII.

This custom of nations, Columbians, admire;
In each rolling year, hail, with songs, the glad morning:
Hail, hail the Birth Day of our much loved Sire,
Who liv'd, and who di'd human nature adorning:

Sing his praises high,
His name to the sky,
For earth has not left, "*such another to die:*"
Then while time endures, or rolls round the bright sun,
We'll hail the BIRTH DAY of our great WASHINGTON.

VIII.

When tyrants, in Europe, fair Freedom oppress'd,
She furl'd her bright standard, and, with stride gigantic,
Her last empire sought, in the far distant west,
And reared her standard this side the Atlantic:
Her favorite Son,
The great WASHINGTON,
With Heroes and Patriots, around Freedom run;
Resolv'd to support, on Columbia's blest shore,
The standard of Freedom, 'till time be no more.

IX.

Britannia's mad armies, and navies came o'er,
Invaded our land, and the coast rock'd with thunder;
Columbia's brave sons defended their shore,
While earth's mighty nations all gaz'd on with wonder
Columbia's great Son,
Godlike WASHINGTON
Led on his brave host, and the victory won:
He kept the firm vow, which to Freedom he swore,
"To guard her bright standard, 'till time be no more."

X.

Columbia, now, calls; let each noble son
Be true to his post, and stand firm in his station;
Repeat the bold vow of the great WASHINGTON,
On this, his BIRTH DAY; and, before the whole nation:
[*Rise.*] "On Columbia's shore,
"'Till time be no more,
"We'll guard Freedom's standard:" as WASHINGTON swore:
And IF the blest fabric of great WASHINGTON
Must fall: then fall with it each true, noble son.

XI.

Dear shade of our Sire, from the bright realms of day,
Descend, with seraphic guards glorious surrounding;
Accept the meek tribute Columbia would pay,
While, through her high temples, thy praise is resounding:
Then bear thou above
Her tribute of love
To spirits of Heroes whom all Heav'n approve:
Record on the rain-bow the vow we have made,
And WASHINGTON'S SPIRIT shall witness it paid.

HAIL COLUMBIA.

THE morning dawns with joyful ray,
Rise, Columbians, hail the day:
From yon bright east the herald sun
Proclaims the BIRTH of WASHINGTON!
Let the wide welkin joyous ring:
Columbia's gladden'd millions sing:
Let joy inspire each noble soul;
The tidings shout from pole to pole:
Hail the bright auspicious morn
When Columbia's CHIEF was born.

Chorus.

One, and all, your voices raise;
Shout your WASHINGTON'S high praise,
While the sun rolls round the earth,
Hail the DAY which gave him BIRTH.

In ev'ry realm, thro' ev'ry age,
The Hero brave, or noble Sage
Commands the poet's tuneful lays,
And grateful millions sing his praise.
Such is the meed to virtue giv'n
Approv'd by earth; ordain'd by heav'n.
While other nations gladly sing
The sage renown'd for some *one thing*;

We, feel the force of duty's call,
For WASHINGTON was great in ALL.

One, and all your voices raise;
Shout the matchless Hero's praise:
While the sun rolls round the earth,
Hail the DAY which gave him BIRTH.

By nature's great mysterious plan
Perfection cannot dwell in man:
But all, which nature's plan allow'd,
On WASHINGTON kind heav'n bestow'd:
A form majestic—godlike mind;
A heart all pure—a taste refin'd:
Ambition, honor, glory, fame
Were consecrated in his name:
He lov'd his God—he lov'd the state—
Was greatly good; and goodly great.

One, and all your voices raise;
Shout your WASHINGTON's high praise:
While the sun rolls round the earth,
Hail the DAY which gave him BIRTH.

But where begin the endless theme?
Where seek the source, or trace the stream?
——Monongahela's shaded flood
Was swell'd with hapless *Briton's* blood;
Confusion seiz'd their routed host,
Britannia's hapless sons were lost:
Then WASHINGTON the "*Stripling*" rose,
Hurling havock on their foes:
Their brave deliv'rer *Britons* blest;
The rising Hero of the west.

One, and all his deeds proclaim;
Sing the rising HERO's fame;
Lisping infants join the song:
Aged sires the notes prolong.

While, erst, Columbia's realm was new;
Her wilds unknown—her son's but few;
Proud Albion's King, with hostile hand,
Wav'd his rude sceptre o'er our land:
Beleaguer'd our defenceless coast:
Deni'd our rights—despis'd our host—
Great WASHINGTON, again, appear'd;
His voice, the first in council heard:
Freedom's bright standard HE unfurl'd,
And, dauntless, wav'd it to the world.

One, and all your voices raise;
Crown the SAGE with *civic bays:*
Sires to sons his deeds proclaim—
Children's children sing his name.

Behold the CHIEF, now, mounts his car,
To guide the direful storm of war:
Britannia's armies line our coast;
But fly before bright Freedom's host:
The wond'ring world hails with applause,
Columbia's HERO, and her cause.
All cheering peace, at last, appears,
And crowns the toils of eight dark years;
A nation's born! the tidings roll
From realm to realm; from pole to pole.

Hail fair Freedom's fav'rite SON!
Hail immortal WASHINGTON!
Nations, shouting round the earth,
Hail the DAY which gave him BIRTH.

Now, view, with joy, the HERO, SAGE;
The pride, the wonder of the age;
Essays Columbia's untri'd helm,
And steady steers the rising realm;
While honor, glory, power, and fame
Raise *higher still* the SAGE's name—

Columbia's standard's wide unfurl'd—
Her commerce winging round the world—
Her sons enjoy a sweet repose—
The " desert blossoms like the rose"—
Heav'ns and earth your voices raise;
Shout the matchless SAGE's praise;
Hail the idol of the earth;
Hail the DAY which gave him BIRTH.

Behold, embower'd, in Vernon's groves,
The IDOL, whom Columbia loves,
The *man*, in native greatness great;—
(His sword laid by, with robes of state)
The *farmer*, now, his toil renews;
Ploughs his broad fields; his flocks reviews:
Enjoys each boon by nature given,
Surrounded by the guards of heaven:
The FARMER—PATRIOT—HERO—SAGE—
The pride, the glory of the age.
Vernon's groves, your lord proclaim:
Breezes, whisper his dear name:
Broad Potomac, wake from sleep;
Roll his praises to the deep.

But, hark! again the cannon's roar
Loud thunders round Columbia's shore!
Again, the HERO takes the field;
Columbia's sword—Columbia's shield—
The sword is drawn: the arm of might
Prepar'd to vindicate each right:—
Too well the jarring nations know
The terror of their conqu'ring foe—
War's direful standard close is furl'd;
And peace smiles o'er the western world.
Hail, Columbia's godlike son;
Hail, immortal WASHINGTON;
While the sun emits a ray;
Hail thy joyous NATAL DAY.

Columbia's millions, swell your song—
Ye hills, and dales the notes prolong:
Floods clap your hands; ye forests sing;
Ye mountains, the broad echo ring:
Old ocean on your billows roll
The sounding joy from pole to pole—
For WASHINGTON proclaim our love:
Ye seraphs, catch the strains, above;
Sound them through the blest abode,
COLUMBIA's gratitude to GOD.

Earth, and ocean join the song:
Heav'n the joyful notes prolong:
Bear to WASHINGTON our love
Near the throne of GOD above.

HYMNS FOR WASHINGTON's BIRTH DAY.

The following is composed for the elegant Music in HOLDEN's *Dedicatory Ode.*

WITH joyful hearts and sacred songs,
Let us approach th' ALMIGHTY KING;
Proclaim his honors with our tongues,
His glory, his high praises sing.

Ere nature's realms were launch'd in light,
Or suns, or systems knew their place,
JEHOVAH was—the God of might;—
His temple fill'd all boundless space.

He spake,—and up Creation sprung;
Suns, systems, worlds, earth, time, and man;
The morning stars together sung
Hosannas to the great I AM.

Earth! join the chorus—swell the song;
From realm to realm hosannas roll:
Let *Freedom's* Sons the hymn prolong:—
COLUMBIANS, sound it to each pole.

O God, our King! this joyful day
We bow before thy awful throne;
Here, in thy temple, homage pay,
For mercies to our Country shown.

O, KING of Saints, our FATHERS' GOD:
Bow the high heavens, and lend thine ear;
O make THIS REALM thy blest abode:—
Let dawning light our darkness cheer.

Thy hand hath rear'd COLUMBIA'S realm;
Thy goodness gave her CHIEF his BIRTH,
In wisdom taught to guide her helm
To Freedom's port of peace, on earth.

Here, in this realm, "thy will be done,"
"Thy kingdom" spread from shore to shore,
Till earth, and time, and stars, and sun
Shall sink in flames, and roll no more.

From nature's wreck, in seas of flame,
May JESUS' Ark earth's millions save,
Shouting Hosannas to HIS name,
Who conquers death—unbars the grave.

Tune *Newark*; or any other Common Metre which requires two stanzas.

THRO' nature's realms JEHOVAH reigns,
CREATOR,—GOD alone;
His power the mighty whole sustains,
And justice is his throne.

His mercy spreads the universe,
Let creatures sing his love:—
Ye sons of men, the song rehearse:
Join with the choirs above.

Much is requir'd where much is given;—
For us, the sons of earth,
Th' ETERNAL left the throne of heaven,
Endur'd man's humble birth.

Awake, and raise your noblest songs,
Ye sons of human race;
Roll high hosannas on your tongues,
And praise *your* GOD of *grace*.

Ye Christian nations who enjoy
Religion, light and laws,
Your noblest efforts all employ
To spread their glorious cause.

Wake, ye high favor'd of your God,
Columbia's Sons arise,
Proclaim JEHOVAH's praise abroad
Round all the western skies.

His fiat rear'd your wide spread realm,
Illum'd with gospel light:—
He rais'd your CHIEF to guide her helm—
Gave freedom, laws, and might.

Columbians, on this joyous DAY
Hosannas raise to GOD:
Here, in his temple, homage pay,
Proclaim his praise abroad.

Note—The writer is well aware that the two ODES are too long to be sung *through* in the tunes for which their metres are composed. The reason for writing them so appears upon the face of them:—The design was to preserve, in each, something like an historical *whole*.—However, if they are thought worthy of the occasion for which they are prepared, there can be no difficulty in selecting particular verses; for, generally speaking, each verse is independent.